

## THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down, like a stricken flower, to the grave—the strong man, fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse quivering on his lips—I have viewed Death in all his forms of darkness and vengeance, with a fair-as-eye—but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the Earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible—but, when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of the sleepers, the heart feels; that something lovely in the Universe is ceasing from existence and broods, with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts, that come up, like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the faithful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped—her brow was garlanded with the young year's sweetest flowers—her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom—and she moved through the crowd, with such a floating and unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer almost looked to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay, yet I saw, that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile, which told, that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear—and her eyelids, at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony, that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence and I became to her as a brother. She was wasting away by disease. The smile upon her lip was fainter, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in the week of June, I wandered out with her a little distance in the open air. It was then, that she first told me the tale of her passion and the blight, that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years, and when they were rent away they left a wound, which flowed till all the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," she said, "and it should be so." The winds have gone over my life, and the bright buds of hope and the sweet blossoms of passion are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust, or rotting away upon the chill waters of memory. And yet I cannot go among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of the friends, who love me—it is very hard to bid farewell to these dear scenes, with which I have held communion from childhood, and which, from day to day, have caught the color of my life and sympathized with its joys and sorrows. That little grove, where I have so often strayed with my buried love and where, at times even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody—that pensile star, which he used to watch in its early rising, and on which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me and beckoning me to his own bright home—every flower, every tree and rivulet, on which the memory of our early love has set its undying seal, have become dearer to me, and I cannot, without a sigh, close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard, that the beautiful girl, of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close of her life was calm as the filling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking breeze, that lingers for a time, around a bed of withered roses, and then dies, as 'twere from very sweetness."

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be, that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into darkness and nothingness. Else why is it, that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it, that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty, that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it, that the stars, which, "hold their festivals round the midnight throne," are set above the grasp of our limited faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? and finally, why is it, that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars spread out before us like the Islands, that slumber on the Ocean, and where the beautiful beings, which here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of my dreams—in that realm I shall see thee again. Even now—my lost image is sometimes with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow, and stands before me in its pale, dim loveliness till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from Heaven upon my thoughts and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

The following beautiful passage, as true as it is beautiful, is from James' Novel "The Gipsy": "Round the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with a fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may be rebels or oppositors; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst her ruins. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of flowers, and beauties, and virtues, which we do not that she possessed."

A peasant, being at court, accused himself of having stolen a hen. The father confessor asked him how he had stolen it. He had taken away from the stock."

"That is of no consequence," replied he, "you may set it down as a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder soon."

**A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.** The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying Wife to her Husband was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear-marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear G—, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the old white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet dear G—, it is so! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sun-shine and beauty; and, nard, indeed, is it to struggle so silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down alone into the dark valley! But I know in whom I have trusted, and, leaning upon His arm, I fear no evil. Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such a sorrow as I feel at parting when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence; embalm in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit.

Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought, the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall fail me, my eye shall wrest on yours until glaz'd by death—and our spirit shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfaded glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G—, where you will lay me, often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that one of us would come alone and which ever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot, and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the name in quiet sun-light linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, *I am not lost but gone before!*"

**A STRANGE STORY.** A few days since a medical man named Philippe did in a village near Paris, where he had resided many years, and had acquired a great reputation for skill and probity. He never demanded any remuneration, except from those who were in circumstances to be able to pay him; and during the last visit of the cholera he was indefatigable in his attention to the suffering poor. Last year an Englishman, traveling in that part of the country, was taken so suddenly ill that he was obliged to stop at an inn in the commune, and Dr. Philippe was sent for. Scarcely, however, had he arrived at the bedside of the patient when the latter became violently agitated, and his countenance changed exceedingly. The doctor appeared also to be agitated, and at once ordered every one out of the room. When that was done the door was locked on the inside. The landlady being curious to know what was going on listen at the door, but the conversation was carried on in a language which she did not understand; she, however, heard the patient exclaim in French, "Assassin! assassin!" after which a violent altercation ensued. The Englishman appeared to threaten, and the doctor to supplicate him. The latter afterwards left the room and went into the kitchen, where he prepared some medicine, which he ordered to be given to the patient several times during the night. On the following day the stranger was much worse, and feeling his end approaching, he made a sign for pen, ink and paper, and wrote a few words in English, which the landlady gave the mayor of the commune, who, not understanding the language, threw it aside into a drawer, where it was forgotten. The stranger died the same evening.

A few days since the mayor, when called on to register the death of the doctor, who in his turn had paid the debt of humanity, thought of this paper, and on his showing it to his nephew, who understood the language, it was found that Dr. Philippe was no other than the famous Patience, a noted robber of the United States, all traces of whom had been lost. The Englishman had recognized him as a man who had, twenty years before, attempted to murder him, while travelling in the State of Vermont, in America. The mayor immediately proceeded to the house of Dr. Philippe to institute an inquiry. He found that he had, during his illness, refused to be undressed, and had made the persons who attended him promise that he should be buried in the clothes which then wore. The mayor, however, ordered the body to be undressed, when it was found that the doctor was in reality a very spare man although he always appeared stout, the bulk being caused by his wearing clothes wadded most thickly. His legs were also bandaged up, and one of his feet was found to be a very skillfully made artificial one. The body was covered with marks of wounds. In a dark closet there were found several chests fastened with triple locks; and on these being forced open, they were found to contain arms of various kinds, watches, gold coins of all nations, and diamonds and jewels to a considerable value. Particulars of this discovery have been transmitted to the Government, and a copy sent to the authorities of the State of Vermont.

Galganani.

**FLOWERS.** What a volume of thought and feeling is contained in the simple flower! As the lightning which flash along the firmament of Heaven, or the thunders which startle the silence of eternity, are typical of His anger and might—so are the beauty and simplicity of a flower typical of His purity and mercy. A flower is no insignificant object. It is fraught with many a deep, though mute lesson of wisdom. It teaches us that even itself, the brightest ornament of the vegetable world, must fade away and die, and the life which we prize so highly may be seen, as in a mirror, through its different changes. The withered leaflet is like unto a crushed and broken heart. Its fading loveliness is like the approach of age, as it throws its mantle of wrinkled care over the form of some lovely specimen of humanity. Its sweet fragrance is like the joys and pleasures of our beauty ere they have been contaminated by the rude touches of the world. The dew drop, which at morning's dawn, rests upon the half-opened bud, is like the tear which glaze the infant's speaking eye when his childish glees have been repressed by the voice of affliction.

A flower represents mankind in the changes of infancy, youth, manhood and old age. The bud is infancy; the bursting flower is youth; the full-blown flower is manhood; and the withered and falling leaf is the type of old age. Its uses are various and manifold—sometimes the promptings of affection lead us to place it, in its purity and beauty, over the tomb of some beloved friend, where, shedding around its fragrance, it steals up on our senses like the memory of the departed being beneath. Sometimes the hand of pride will pluck it from its stem, to deck the hair of the blooming bride, or to add by its odor to the festive scene. And not unfrequently it is the bearer of some fond tale of love to the ecstatic sense of her whose heart and feelings are at length justified, by its sweet language in the thoughts they so long have harbored. It soothes the cares of the troubled soul, and alleviates the pangs of sorrow. It wins upon us by its modest though blooming appearance, and its gentle influence steals into our bosoms and softens our nature.

Study the flowers, and behold the wisdom, the goodness, and mercy of the Almighty. Anatomize them, and behold the innumerable parts which form and make up the whole, and the system and order with which they are joined together. Re-reflect dwell upon the flowers. There the affections of our hearts are given license to rove, and there the enthusiasm of our nature overcomes the diffidence of our feelings. Voluntary homage arises to the Maker of objects so fair and beautiful, and the soul in the contemplation sighs itself away in a delicious reverie. Not less beautiful than truly has it been said—

"There is religion in a flower; Its still small voice is as the voice of conscience. It speaks of peace, of peace, of peace, and systems, Bear not the impress of Almighty power. In characters more legible than those Which he has traced upon the tiniest flower. Whose light bell bends beneath the dew drop's weight." [G. H. Cramer.]

**YOUNG LADIES AND MATRIMONY.** Florence Hay, who sat for her portrait to Mr. Willis of the Home Journal, has caused a fluttering among the hearts of the unmarried lady readers of that paper. Minnie Moulson has spoken, and now Eve Gray speaks, as follows:

"Minnie Moulson" says we have "not sufficient moral courage to remain single." I agree with her as to the absence of anything attractive in the large portion of men we meet; but I think we wish to marry, in the abstract, even if we do not find men worthy of us; that it is a part of nature that women, with warm, rich hearts, and cultivated minds, should look for the comforts and charms of married life. I mean not those who are ambitious, and seek to be the head of an establishment; but those who desire to be loved and known at home—and such are the large majority of us. But I would say that the grand office and destiny of our sex is *maternity*—that every woman, not spoiled by some silly vanity, which becomes stronger than her nature feels this; and feels that, while she remains single, she is doing violence to nature, and is deprived of the dearest charms of life.

We feel that it was intended by an all-wise Providence that every woman should be a mother. This is not merely physical, but it is a part of our heart. True we long to be pressed to the breast of man in whom we see so much purity, nobleness and generosity—the man we so much love—we dream that his cheek rests against ours—feel the soft pressure of his hands—we have sweet dreams of love; but, by far the dearest pleasure that ever a real woman felt, was when the child of the man she loves lay upon her breast.

In this world of brainless men, but few of us can find men to love, at least at all like our ideal; and that is shown by the fact that so many do not marry the first man who offers.

Most women—even girls yet in their teens—wish for their own child to love. Affection may say it is immodest, but it springs from a "higher law" than of Society—it is the law of God. Seeing that nature intended us for particular purposes, I can see in "Florence Hay" the true woman, when she feels that "single years are wasted."

I think "Minnie Moulson" pait right when she says "Nine-tenths of the women of the present day marry with no other feeling towards their husbands than sheer indifference." But many women are not capable of a high and holy love, and much of that which they can feel is the result of association. But no woman can look with "sheer indifference" upon the father of her child.

I have written so much that I shall scarce have room for what I took up the pen to say.

I am much inclined to think that the fear superior women have, of seeming immodest in showing a preference for such men as they really do admire, has a tendency to drive many men from them to the lighter sort of women. I do not mean she should offer herself; but when she sees one whom she admires, she should evince plainly she is pleased with his company and conversation, and not think of anything immodest, as there is really not.

But if she treats him as indifferent women treat him, very likely there will be a mistake. Many men are proud, and will not sue fore a woman they love.

**BOYS.** The Olive Branch gives the following excellent exposition of that queer and inexplicable creature—a boy:

A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied; a perfect teatatum, spinning round like a jenny, or tumbling heels over head. He must invariably go through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach, makes drumheads of the doors, turns the tin pans into cymbals, takes the best knives out to dig worms for bait and loses them, hunts upon the molasses cask and leaves the molasses running, is boon companion to the sugar barrel, searches up all the pie and preserves left after supper and eats them, goes to the apples every ten minutes, hides his old cap in order to wear his best one, cuts his boots accidentally if he wants a new pair, tears his clothes for fun, jumps into the puddles for fun, and for ditto tracks your carpet and cuts your furniture. He is romping, shouting, blustering, and in all but his best estate a terrible torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve, then the rage for frock coats and high dickies commences. At fourteen he is too big to slip wood or go after water, and at the time these interesting objects ought to be performed, contrives to the invisible, whether concealed in the garret with some old worm-eaten novel for a companion, ensconced in the woodshed trying to learn legerdemain tricks, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be in most cases more deplorable than explorable, to coin a word; at fifteen he has tolerable experience of the world—but from fifteen to twenty, may we clear from the track when he is in sight; he knows more than Washington and Benjamin Franklin together in all other words, he knows more than he will ever know again.

Just hail one of these young specimens "boy," at sixteen, and how wrathly he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little urchin did who angrily exclaimed, "don't call me boy, I've smoked these two years," he will give you a withering look, that was meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel, and with a curl of the lip mutter disdainfully, "who do you call boy?" and oh! the emphasis.

But, jesting aside—an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of.

## FREEMAN, HODGES, & Co. IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS.

No. 48 Liberty Street, New York.

ARE now receiving a rich and beautiful assortment of Fancy Silk and Millinery Goods, to which we would particularly invite the attention of all Cash Purchasers, and will make it an object for them to give us a call, as we are determined to sell our assortment for Cash, lower than ever before offered in this market. Milliners can supply themselves with every article in their line, at about the cost of Importation or Auction prices. Many of our goods are manufactured expressly for our own sale, and cannot be surpassed for beauty or low prices.

Rich Hat and Cap Ribbons, a large variety. Silks and Satins for Bonnets. Crapes, Crave Lisses, Tulle and Illusion Laces. Trimmings for Hats, Caps and Dresses. Jenny Lind Caps, Party and Opera Head Dresses. Embroidered Capes, Collars, Cuffs, and Chemisettes. Embroidered Edgings and Insertings, Swiss and Muslin. Thread, Brussels, Valenciennes, Silk and Lisle Thread Laces.

Embroidered, Reverse and Plain Linen Cambric Hdkfs. Gloves and Mitts, Kid, Silk, Lisle Thread and Sewing Silk. Scarfs, Cravats and Dress Hdkfs. Swiss, Jaconet, Book Muslin, and Bishop Lawns. Embroidered Capes, Collars, Cuffs, and Chemisettes. A full assortment of Straw Goods. French and American Artificial Flowers. With a large variety not mentioned above. All wishing to avoid paying long prices will make money by calling and satisfying themselves. 25—St. Jan. 25, 1851.

## Fayetteville and Northern PLANK ROAD.

NOTICE is hereby given that Books for receiving subscriptions to the capital stock in the "Fayetteville and Northern Plank Road Company," will be opened from this date until the 25th of May next, at the following places and under the direction of the following persons, to-wit:

At Fayetteville, under the direction of Hon. Robert Strange, Dr. B. W. Robinson, Archd McLean J. W. Pearce, J. G. Shepherd, Joel Williams, John C. Williams and D. G. McRae. At Raleigh, under the direction of E. P. Guion, Dr. Thos. D. Hogg, Geo. W. Mordecai, Seaton Gales and Wm. W. Holden. At Smithfield, under the direction of J. W. Evans, Ashley Saunders, and Duncan McPherson. Upper part of Johnston, under the direction of A. J. Leach, John McLean, and Linn Sanders. Lower part of Wake, under the direction of Adam G. Banks, Stephen Stephenson, Samuel Whitaker, and Dr. ohn H. Jones. At Flea Hill, Cumberland, under the direction of Joel Williams, David McNeill, and N. K. McDuffie. At Aversboro, under the direction of D. J. McAllister, John C. Smith, Neill S. Stewart, and Wm. T. Smith. At Kingsbury, under the direction of John C. Williams, Nathan King, Henry Elliott, and John McNeill. At McNeill's Ferry, under the direction of Archd S. McNeill, John A. Spears, Dr. John McKay, and Robert C. Smith. At Summerville, under the direction of the Rev. Simeon Colton, Alex. D. McLean, Archd Cameron, and Hugh B. McLean. At Neill's Creek, under the direction of C. H. Coffield, Andrew H. Dewar, and Geo. W. Pogram. The several Committees are requested to open the books forthwith, and to continue them open until the 25th of May, after which to return them to the commissioners at Fayetteville by the first Monday in June next.

**ROBERT STRANGE, B. W. ROBINSON, ARCHD MCLEAN, J. W. PEARCE, JOEL WILLIAMS, D. G. MCRAE, JOHN C. WILLIAMS, Commissioners,** 865—3th. April 25, 1851.

## INSTITUTION For the Deaf, Dumb, and the Blind

THE Board of Directors of the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, give notice that a Department will be opened for the instruction of the Blind, at the commencement of the next session on the 15th of July. It is highly desirable that early notice should be given to those who may wish to enter this department, in order that the necessary arrangements may be made.

Applications for admission from Deaf Mutes or Blind persons, must be made to William D. Cooke, Principal of the Institution, who will furnish all necessary information. Raleigh, April 7, 1851. 45—St

## Town Lots for Sale.

WILL be sold, at public auction, in the town of Smithfield, on Wednesday the 30th instant, on a credit of six months, twenty half acre Lots, in the North-east portion of the town, known as the Town Commons. Owing to the healthy location of said Lots, and the great ease of getting lumber, (there being two fine Steam Mills in operation,) they will be very desirable for private residences. Said Lots will be sold by authority of an act of the General Assembly.

D. McPHERSON, 46—2t. Smithfield, April 7, 1851.

State of North Carolina, } Superior Court of Law, Wake County, } Spring Term, 1851.

IT IS ORDERED TO THE COURT that a special Term of the Superior Court of Law for the County of Wake be held at the Court House in Raleigh, on the third Monday of June, 1851.

Ordered that the foregoing order be published in the North Carolina Standard and Raleigh Register for four weeks. R. P. FINCH, Clerk. 45—4t. Raleigh, April 7, 1851.

A FEW Gross of superior Matches on hand—they are free from the smell of sulphur, and will be sold low [Raleigh, Jan. 1, 1851, 17—] P. F. PESCUD.

**MYERS' CELEBRATED CHEWING TOBACCO.** Imported Cigars different Brands. Just Received by R. TUCKER & SON. 836 Oct 9, 1850.

## MUSIC.

AT the North Carolina Music Store, received this day, another supply of new and fashionable Music, a lot of fine Guitars, and fine Cocco-wood Flutes, by K. W. PETERSILLIA. 30— February 15, 1851.

**Wines and Brandy.** Scotch Ale and London Porter. Of Superior quality, selected for Medical purpose, constantly on hand and for sale at the Drug Store. WILLIAMS, HAYWOOD, & CO.

**Wanted** 1000 BUSHELS OF FLAX SEED, for which the market price will be given. P. F. PESCUD. 827— Raleigh, August 7th, 1850.

**Brown Sheetings and Spun Cotton.** 2000 YARDS 4-4 Brown Sheetings, by the Bale or piece. 150 Bunches Spun Cotton, Nos. 4 to 16. For sale by J. BROWN. No. 9, Fayetteville St. 27— Raleigh, Feb. 4, 1851.

**A supply of Fresh Phosgene Gas** JUST to hand and for sale at P. F. PESCUD'S Drug Store. 827— Raleigh, August 7th, 1850.

**Wanted Immediately** BALES PRIME COTTON, for which a fair Market price will be paid in Cash. J. BROWN. No. 9, Fayetteville St. 49— Raleigh, April, 1851.

**To the Citizens of Wake County.** THE citizens of Wake County are hereby requested to hold Meetings in the County, and send Delegates to a County Convention, at May Court, to send Delegates to this County to a District Convention to nominate a candidate for Congress from this District. MANY VOTERS. 49—t April 21, 1851.

## COMMON SCHOOLS.

Office of the Literary Board, Raleigh, April 30, 1851.

The President and Directors of the Literary Board have resolved to distribute among the several Counties in the State, the sum mentioned in the following Schedule, in part of the net income of the Literary Fund for the current year, for the support of Common Schools; the sum to be paid at the Treasury Department upon the application of persons properly authorized to receive the same.

In making out this Schedule the Board have taken the census of 1850, as published in the newspapers, not having been able to get a time, a strictly official statement of the population. Should the able prove in any respect inaccurate, the Board will correct it in the Fall Distribution. The Counties of Madison and Jackson will receive their portion of the distribution from the Counties from which they were respectively formed.

DAVID S. REID, Ex officio Secy. Lit. Board.

COUNTIES.	Fed. Po.	Am't. Dis.
Alamance,	10,915	612 90
Alexander,	5,098	301 69
Amson,	10,783	646 98
Ashe,	8,547	512 82
Beaufort,	11,717	703 02
Bertie,	10,209	612 64
Bladen,	8,033	491 98
Branswick,	5,952	357 12
Buamcombe,	12,355	739 50
Burke,	8,919	415 14
Caldwell,	6,668	520 08
Camden,	5,836	350 16
Carteret,	5,176	10 56
Caswell,	6,298	373 68
Catawba,	13,168	790 08
Chatham,	8,235	414 10
Chowan,	16,090	91 20
Cleveland,	5,385	26 10
Columbus,	9,684	58 04
Crawen,	5,307	34 43
Cumberland,	13,307	73 42
Darlington,	17,733	1,069 38
Currituck,	6,296	37 76
Cherokee,	6,708	405 48
Duplin,	11,109	666 84
Davie,	6,997	419 49
Davidson,	14,234	854 18
Edgecombe,	13,726	821 04
Franklin,	9,510	570 40
Gates,	10,634	638 04
Gaston,	5,879	412 72
Granville,	17,631	1,058 04
Greene,	5,338	330 38
Guilford,	18,465	1,107 90
Gaston,	7,315	438 90
Halifax,	13,012	713 16
Haywood,	6,886	413 76
Hertford,	6,644	398 64
Hyde,	6,614	396 84
Henderson,	7,032	421 92
Iredell,	13,075	784 50
Jackson,	11,885	713 10
Johnston,	3,991	239 46
Jones,	6,181	370 86
Lenoir,	6,937	416 82
Lincoln,	7,979	436 74
Madison,	5,740	344 40
McDowell,	11,726	703 56
Mecklenburg,	6,196	371 76
Montgomery,	8,551	513 06
Moore,	6,169	370 14
Macon,	9,034	542 04
New Hanover,	14,299	857 94
Northampton,	10,730	643 80
Onslow,	7,065	429 00
Orange,	15,094	901 44
Pasquotank,	7,708	462 48
Perquimans,	6,082	361 68
Person,	8,833	529 98
Pitt,	10,743	644 58
Randolph,	15,066	903 96
Richmond,	7,936	476 16
Roxboro,	13,317	729 02
Rockingham,	11,079	624 74
Rutherford,	13,392	739 32
Sampson,	17,793	1,067 58
Stokes,	12,928	733 68
Surry,	8,539	512 34
Swain,	11,646	698 76
Stanly,	6,377	383 62
Tyrrell,	4,537	272 82
Union,	9,264	555 84
Wake,	21,147	1,368 82
Warren,	10,390	623 40
Washington,	4,770	286 20
Wilkes,	11,642	698 52
Watauga,	3,318	200 88
Wayne,	11,479	699 74
Yancy,	7,997	479 82

\$45,374 14

The Standard and Star, Raleigh; the Pioneer, Elizabeth